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She Was Never There



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

You see a girl, huddled in the corner of the room. You wonder what she's doing there, and you go over and touch her shoulder. She looks up. Her eyes pierce your mind; you feel like she can see inside you. Then she says...

Chapter 2 by Japhet



"Please don't touch me."

Taken aback by the most ferocious glare, you darted towards the door. You decided to peep through the keyhole and see brown liquid seeping somewhere around her. The gash trickled in between the tiny crevices of brick flooring... towards your direction.

"If you touch the liquid, you will die." She muttered, her voice croaked, echoing throughout the basement.

"Die?" She was soaking wet. You are now soaking wet... and the liquid is brown.

Chapter 3 by RosalingKBaker395



Die as I may I try not to let such fear take hold. She looked at me, a sharp gaze I couldn't breathe anymore. Choking about my knees, my hands shaking. God help me! I thought as I gagged.

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She laughed lightly "No God, can ever save you now dear you're in my web of torture now. I will never let my toy go.~" She cooed standing swaying toward me, the crazed look driven into such an innocent face sickened me. Damn the witch damn her, and all that may follow in her foolish steps. I gagged shutting my eyes tightly I couldn't watch. Rather I die. Then look upon this hideous creature full of sin.

Chapter 4 by Queezle



She is gone

I lift my eyes up to her again, but she isn't there. The crushing weight of the liquid isn't there either.

She is gone.

...She is gone?

I stand up shakily, testing my arms and limbs again.

She is gone.

I give an unholy shriek - a glimmer of brown from my knee catches my eye. Clawing at the *thing*, I fling it far, far away from me, but I still feel the slimy residue and everything it represents. The girl is gone, yes, but the memory haunts me.

Scrambling to the corner of the room as far away as I can, I shake my head furiously. Someone - a therapist, I think, and I've had many - once told me "If you can't trust your senses when you're dreaming, how can you trust them when you're awake?".

Good question.

Some therapists called it nice words like "dreaming".

Others bluntly called it "insanity".

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